

K is for Kindness by nicolewaller

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Summary:

Jonathan isn't used to people being nice to him, so when the reader is... he becomes curious.

K is for Kindness

Jonathan woke up with a stiff neck and the smell of bacon lingering in the air. He sat up on the living room couch wondering why he was not in his bed. After stretching and rubbing his eyes, he noticed a plate of bacon, eggs, and toast sitting on the end table waiting for him. Jonathan was confused. It had been a very long time since someone had made breakfast for him. The distant clinging of dishes made him snap out of his thoughts and look towards the kitchen. You noticed him in the kitchen doorway just as you were drying off the last dish and putting it away in the cabinet. He was just looking at you in complete awe, so you decided to say something.

“Morning, sunshine,” you said trying your best to sound cheery.

“Wh- what are you- did you make breakfast... for me?” Jonathan questioned.

“Of course? It’s the morning?”

Jonathan let out a genuine “Thank you, (Y/N),” followed by a wince as he rubbed the back of his neck.

“Ugh I knew I shouldn’t have let you sleep on that couch last night,” you said noticing his discomfort. “You were just so tired after we stayed out so late looking for Will that you just passed out the moment you sat down. I tried to wake you with no luck” Then you giggled, “and I’m not strong enough to carry you to your bed so...”

It was coming back to Jonathan now. Last night, he went looking for Will, and as he walked past (Y/N)’s house she came out and joined. Jonathan told her that she didn’t have to, but she insisted saying that it wasn’t safe for him to be out this late and alone. He remembered that (Y/N) helped look for his brother without any complaints, but she insisted that we came home a few hours after it had gotten dark. Jonathan didn’t want to at first, but eventually caved once (Y/N) promised him that she would come back out and look for Will with him again.

Jonathan smiled at her last remark. Why is she doing all this, he

thought. He got Goosebumps when you reached up touching his neck as gentle as a feather.

“Hopefully it won’t be sore for long,” you say blushing when you realize how long you have let your hand linger on his neck. “Now, go eat up.”

“What about you? Aren’t you hungry?”

“I ate while you were still drooling on that sofa.”

Jonathan quickly reached up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. This made you laugh.

“Relax, I was just kidding,” you giggled.

Jonathan relaxed and began to laugh with you until you calmed down and said “Now seriously, go eat your breakfast.”

“You know, (Y/N), you didn’t have to do all this...” Jonathan said gesturing around him. “Staying with me.... Making breakfast... cleaning up...”

“Probably not..,” you said with your eyes looking around the room from the couch to the plate to the kitchen sink. “..but I did, so whatcha gonna do?”

Jonathan let the silence linger until you had to speak up again. “anyways..” you said while grabbing your backpack and walking towards the door. “I guess I’ll see you tomorrow at school?”

“Yeah ... I will... at school.” Jonathan said while walking you to the door. After he opened the door for you, you guys shared a smile. You caught yourself letting your eyes dart back and forth between his eyes and his lips. Turning red you attempted to get your mind off him by putting on a serious face, pointing to the end table with the plate on it, and saying “eat!” Turning and walking away towards your home, you began to feel the butterflies in your stomach calming down. Jonathan watches you leave, and regrets it when he waits for the door to shut before he lets out a “thank you.”

Jonathan put on his coat and headed for his car. Tonight the town was putting on another search party for Will, and Jonathan didn't want to be late. When he pulled up, he saw Hopper talking to someone that couldn't quite see. Walking closer, he realized that it was his mother. "Mom?!?! What are you doing here?? I thought you had to work??"

Joyce broke away from Hopper and turned to her son. "I did sweetheart, but (Y/N) came in this afternoon and offered to take my shift. You know, she is really something Jonathan. She's quite the caring person, and..." Joyce kept going but Jonathan became lost in his thoughts. (Y/N)... she has helped me out about 5 or 6 times since Will went missing... giving me the notes I miss from class, going with me to help me search for him, taking me home, making me breakfast... no one ever makes me breakfast... ugh she even did the dishes, the dishes. And now.. taking my mom's shift... but why? Why is she so nice? Why is she so nice to me? People don't normally...

Joyce was still talking when Jonathan snapped out of it. "I-I've got to go! I'm sorry mom; there's just something that I have got to do." Jonathan ran back to his car and screeched out of the parking. Pulling up to the store that you and Joyce worked at, he started to get doubts. What I am even doing here, he thought. He decided to go ahead and go inside while he still had the courage.

Walking in, he saw you counting out change for a customer. "(Y/N)! Why have you been so nice to me lately?" said Jonathan. To your surprise you looked up to see Jonathan walking towards the checkout counter, staring at you with absolute wonder. You gasped audibly but quickly tried to cover up the sound by handing the older woman in front of you her receipt and telling her to have a nice day. You waited for her to leave, and when the door closed behind her, you turned your attention to Jonathan.

"Why aren't you out looking for Will?" you asked trying to change the subject.

He furrowed and unfurrowed his eyebrows at you and said, "I asked you first; why have you been so nice to me?"

"Because, Jonathan, I care about you, and... your life hasn't been the

easiest lately. I want to help you... any way that I could. I'm sure you'd do the same for me," you said this while using your thumbnail to clean up and imaginary scratch on the counter; only to look up when you were done talking.

Jonathan replied with his voice barely above a whisper, "Yeah, I would. Of course I would."

You tried to minimize the smile that swept across your face with little to no luck. Then a concerned thought came to you. "Jon, why aren't you out looking for Will?? You should be out there instead of here for goodness sakes."

"I was, but when I saw that you took my mom's shift-

"You came here for that? You should be ou-

"I just thought-

"Thought what, Jon?"

"That..." he looked down at his feet.

"It's true." You said to your own disbelief.

"What's tru-

"What you thought."

He looked up at this with a cautious smile, but then took it away quickly. "I don't- I don't know what you're, what you're...talking about."

"I uh, I like you, Jonathan." Now it was your turn to look down at your feet, but before you could, you saw him look up at you with wide eyes.

"You do?"he whispered stepping closer to the counter.

"I do. I like you a lot, actually," you whispered back.

"I like you too."

You both stood on opposite sides of the counter blushing, smiling, and staring at each other until Jonathan leaned forward and gently kissed you. The moment your lips touched the world felt brighter, fuller, better. His lips were chapped, but you didn't mind it at all. He reached his hand behind your head and deepened the kiss. You became so weak in the knees that you had to put one hand on the counter to support yourself while you put the other flat on his chest. You two didn't stop until you heard the distant chime of the bell on the door, meaning a customer just walked in. You didn't even bother to look at who it was because your eyes were on Jonathan. His brown

eyes were looking back down at you, and for the first time in a long time you saw something resembling happiness in them.

xoxo